

SPRING ISSUE
No.15



THE

SPIRIT



10¢



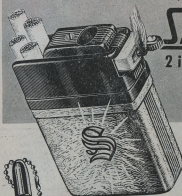


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

It's Here! It's New!

It's Available Now!

THE *Slide-o-matic* 2 in 1 COMBINATION LIGHTER and CIGARETTE CASE



Works like magic. A flip of the finger gives you both the cigarette and lighter. This amazing two-in-one combination cigarette case and metal lighter is made of durable two-tone plastic and metal. Holds full pack of cigarettes and keeps them fresh. Extra large fluid capacity lighter guaranteed to work every time.

And—at no extra cost—your cigarette case will be monogrammed with your own initial, in ornamental lettering that GLOWS IN THE DARK.



**If you order today
this pen is yours!
WORLD'S SMALLEST
BALL POINT PEN**

Small enough to fit coin purse or vest pocket...big enough to write for months without a refill. Handy chain for keys.

**TRY FOR 10 DAYS
AT NO COST TO YOU**

Simply send your name and address and initial wanted. Pay postman \$1.98 plus postage on arrival. Or send \$1.98 with order, and lighter case with glowing monogram and pen will be shipped prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. The simplest, most useful, most ingenious new invention for cigarette smokers... a beautiful, colorful, two-tone combination lighter built on an entirely new principle. Just imagine... only one motion of the finger gives you both the cigarette and the lighter. It is a startling improvement over anything else you have ever seen... a wonderful accessory for every cigarette smoker. **EXTRA SURPRISE:** you'll find that the cigarette case has been monogrammed with your own initial in an ornamental letter which glows in the dark.



**SURE-FIRE
CIGARETTE
LIGHTER**



**CIGARETTE CASE
WITH GLOW-IN-
THE-DARK INITIAL**



**HANDY KEY CHAIN
& BALL POINT PEN**

**ALL 3
for only**

\$1.98

SEND NO MONEY

**E-Z INDUSTRIES, DEPT. NM
1226 N. Western Ave., Chicago 22, Ill.**

Please rush _____ lighter cigarette case combination
plus ball point pen on key chain, all for \$1.98.

My initial is _____ payment in full. Ship
perpaid.

☐ I enclose \$ _____
☐ Ship COD—I will pay charges plus postage.

NAME _____ (PRINT)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

E-Z INDUSTRIES

1226 N. Western Ave.

Chicago 22, Ill.

THE SPIRIT

An afternoon call on
Ellen Dolan, daughter of
the Police Commissioner....

SPIRIT, YOU
MUST MEET MISS
ROSALIND RIPSLEY!
SHE'S A MEMBER
OF A GREAT
COLONIAL FAMILY....

AH, YES...THE
ONLY DESCENDANT
OF GENERAL RIPSLEY--
WASHINGTON'S
BEST
OFFICER!

I'M A SORT
OF **MODERN**
MINUTE MAN,
MISS RIPSLEY!

THOSE **MINUTE MEN**
WERE **SO** COMMON!
HERE RAGGLE-TAGGLE
ENLISTED
FELLOWS....

--NO RIPSLEY
EVER RANKED
BELOW A
MAJOR!

A GEMMUN
JEST LEF' THIS
MESSAGE
FO' MISS
RIPSLEY!

The Spirit



The Spirit



HES A **DEAR OLD FRIEND!** AND WE WERE DISCUSSING **PRIVATE BUSINESS!**

THAT'S TELLING HIM OFF, BABE! LET'S GO TALK SOMEWHERE ELSE!



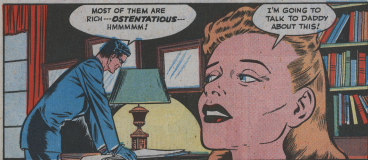
DID AH MISS THE FUN, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS?

IT WAS RATHER FUNNY, EBONY, BUT NOT EXACTLY **AMUSING!**



The next day...
STRANGE! ROSALIND SEEMS TO BE GIVING A PARTY - AND THESE GUESTS AREN'T EXACTLY **COLONIAL DAMES**...

THAT FRIEND OF HERS - HASPER - ISN'T THE FOUNDING FATHER TYPE, EITHER!



MOST OF THEM ARE RICH --- **OSTENTATIOUS** --- HMMMM!

I'M GOING TO TALK TO DADDY ABOUT THIS!



But for **ONCE IN A LIFETIME**, Commissioner Dolan doesn't leave his desk....

I'M UP TO MY EARS IN ORGANIZATION WORK, ELLEN! I'LL ASSIGN SERGEANT MAGUIRE TO THE CASE....

SURE AND BEGOG, MISS ELLEN! 'TIS GLAD I'LL BE TO HELP YE!



MEET SERGEANT MAGUIRE, SPIRIT! WE'LL ALL THREE GO TO ROSALIND'S PARTY...

WITHOUT INVITATIONS? SHE'LL PROBABLY HAVE A GUARD OF WASHINGTON LIGHT DRAGOONS SHOOT US DOWN ON SIGHT!

The Spirit



The Spirit



The Spirit



The Spirit



VERY WELL!
TELL THE
WORST!

I WILL! SHE
THOUGHT SHE
WAS DESCENDED
FROM **GENERAL
RIPSLEY**---



BUT WE FOUND OUT HER
ANCESTOR WAS **REALLY**
THE **GENERAL'S KID
BROTHER** --- JEST
PLAIN **SERGEANT
RIPSLEY**!

POOR
ROSALIND!
I CAN SEE HOW
DISGRACED
YOU FEEL---



DISGRACED? NO! I'VE
CHANGED MY MIND
ABOUT **SERGEANTS**!

ARE YOU
KIDDING?



FOR INSTANCE,
WHO CAN BE
NOBLER THAN
**SERGEANT
MAGUIRE**?

WHO...
ME?



MEETING SUCH A MAN,
I CAN BE **PROUD** THAT
I HAVE **SERGEANT
BLOOD** IN MY
VEINS!

AW, I
BET YOU
TELL THAT TO
ALL THE
SERGEANTS!



WE NOT ONLY
CRACKED A
CRIME CASE,
BUT BROUGHT
ROSALIND
DOWN OFF
HER HIGH
HORSE!

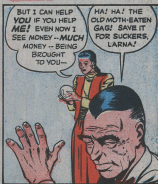
BUT **MAGUIRE'S**
DUE FOR
PROMOTION TO
LIEUTENANT!
THEN SHE MAY
NOT LIKE HIM
ANY MORE!

JONESY

By DIB



The SPIRIT



The Spirit



The Spirit



The Spirit



The Spirit



The Spirit



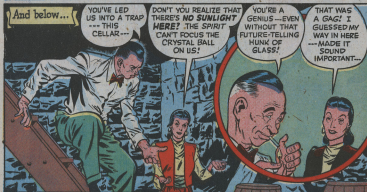
NO ARGUMENTS!
COME WITH ME!

OKAY, CUSTOMERS!
UP WITH YOUR HANDS
OR I'LL SCORCH
ALL THREE
OF YOU!



WHAT HAPPENED
TO THE MONEY?
AND, TURAK?

I'M LICKED — AND I
KNOW IT! THEY UPPED
THE TRAPDOOR AND
WENT DOWN
CELLAR!



And below...

YOU'VE LED
US INTO A TRAP
--- THIS
CELLAR---

DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT
THERE'S NO SUNLIGHT
HERE? THE SPIRIT
CAN'T FOCUS THE
CRYSTAL BALL
ON US!

YOU'RE A
GENIUS — EVEN
WITHOUT THAT
FUTURE-TELLING
HUNK OF
GLASS!

THAT WAS
A GAG! I
GUESSED MY
WAY IN HERE
--- MADE IT
SOUND
IMPORTANT---



BUT
HERE HE
COMES!

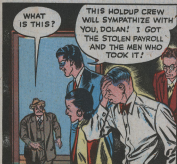
I'M READY
FOR HIM!



COME OUT,
WHEREVER
YOU ARE!

DON'T MAKE A
SINGLE CRAZY MOVE,
SPIRIT! I'VE GOT
YOU COVERED!

The Spirit



FLATFOOT BURNS

ENTRANCE

SMELL! SMELL!
GULP! IT'S
GASOLINE!
LOOKS BAD FOR
FLATFOOT!

by AL STAHL

FLATFOOT BURNS, AHEN ... UNDER THE
POWERS VESTED IN ME BY THE LAW,
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR THE
THEFT OF GASOLINE!

WHAT?

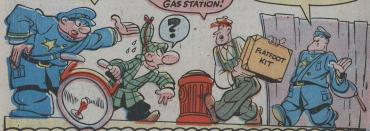
B-BUT,
CHIEF, I--
ER--WHO,
ME?

THERE'S NO USE
DENYING IT, FLATFOOT!
I'VE GOT THE
EVIDENCE RIGHT
HERE! ... HEY,
FELLOWS!

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE!
FIRST, YOU'RE DRIPPING
WITH GASOLINE!

SECONDLY, YOU LEFT
YOUR FLATFOOT KIT AT
THE SCENE OF THE
CRIME-- MY
GAS STATION!

THIRDLY, I SAW YOU, MR. BURNS,
RIDING ON A GASOLINE TRUCK
AND SPEEDING AWAY WITH
THE PRECIOUS STUFF!



The Spirit

WELL?

THE WHOLE IDEA'S PREPOSTEROUS! YOU'RE TRYING TO CONVICT ME ON CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE! WELL, I HAVE MY OWN IDEAS ABOUT THIS CASE!

"Here's what happened!... I stopped at Joe's Gas Station for a very good reason!"

OH-OH! TIRE A LITTLE LOW! GOT TO GET HER PUMPED UP!

FLATFOOT KIT

"Joe was repairing a car and didn't see me approach!"

"But it really didn't matter, as I can fill my own tire!"

TA-DE-DA-

FREE AIR

"I do remember -- and this is important to our case -- that the AIR PUMP LINE and the GAS HOSE were TANGLED!"

"I was quite sure that I connected the RIGHT line until ---"

"Well, I was wrong! --er-- that's why I am reeking of GASOLINE!"

HMM!

AH!

HELP!

"That's the last thing I remember! Now, with the **ADDITIONAL EVIDENCE** you have given me, I shall **RECONSTRUCT THE CRIME!**" The **GASOLINE TRUCK** you mentioned probably drove up at that moment ---"

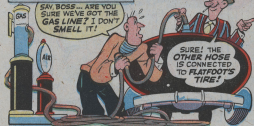
LOOK! MIKE!
IT'S **FLATFOOT**..
AND HE'S OUT COLD!



"REMEMBER --the **GASOLINE** and **AIR HOSE** were **TANGLED**--so they probably filled their truck with **AIR!**"

SAY, BOSS... ARE YOU SURE WE'VE GOT THE **GAS LINE?** I DON'T SMELL IT!

SURE! THE **OTHER HOSE** IS CONNECTED TO **FLATFOOT'S TIRE!**



WHAT A PERFECT SETUP, BOSS! WE CAN STEAL THE GAS AND LET **FLATFOOT** TAKE THE RAP!

YEAH!



"To pin the deed on me, they had to **REMOVE** me from the **SCENE OF THE CRIME!**"

LET'S TAKE HIM ALONG, BOSS, AND DUMP HIM SOMEWHERE!

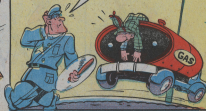


"Regarding my **Flatfoot Kit**..."

WE'LL LEAVE THIS BEHIND FOR EVIDENCE!

"This explains why the policeman saw me riding on the **GAS TRUCK**..."

HMM-M! WHAT'S **FLATFOOT** DOING UP THERE?



"I was obligingly dropped in front of my own front door, where you found me!"



The Spirit

... IF MY PREDICTIONS ARE CORRECT, THOSE CROOKS HAVE PROBABLY DISCOVERED THE AIR IN THEIR TRUCK BY NOW AND ARE RETURNING TO THE GAS STATION FOR THE GASOLINE!

A LIKELY STORY, FLATFOOT! IT'S STILL CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE!

SEE, CHIEF, THERE'S THE TRUCK!

WELL, I'LL BE---

JOE'S GAS STATION

GAS

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S STOP 'EM!

WAIT, CHIEF! I'VE BEEN RIGHT UP TO NOW! AND YOU'RE IN FOR A LITTLE SURPRISE!

BEHOLD!

HELP! SAVE US BEFORE THE GASOLINE BLOWS US ALL TO SMITHEREENS! ...WE SURRENDER!

?

B-BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! J-JUST WHAT H-HAPPENED TO THE GASOLINE? ...GOSH!

HMF! CHIEF, THE GASOLINE WAS NEVER STOLEN!

IT'S STILL CONNECTED TO MY TIRE! ...AND THIS IS NOT MERELY CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE!

GAS

A Gift



"JUST look at all these beautiful things,"

Ellen Dolan said. "Jade from China, ivory from Africa, lacquered pieces from Japan. I love curio shops.

"Some men," she went on wistfully, "might want to give someone a gift."

"You're right, Ellen," the Spirit said, pulling her through the doorway.

"Aw," Ebony muttered, as he followed them reluctantly, "Mist' Spirit should be out catching crooks instead of fooling around here."

The Spirit walked up to a pale, skinny man behind a showcase in the dusty shop. "Something for you, mister?" the shopkeeper wheezed.

"What are you going to buy, Spirit?" Ellen asked excitedly. "Those jade earrings are nice."

The Spirit smiled down at her. "I'm getting a paperweight for your father's desk," he said, laughing, "so he can keep his list of 'unsolved cases' from blowing away. I think these three monkeys here on the counter would be fitting."

"Oh, Spirit," Ellen sighed in disappointment, "I thought . . . never mind. Why the three monkeys?"

"They could remind him," the Spirit replied, still grinning, "that he 'sees no evil—hears no evil.' Of course," he added, "the 'speak-no-evil' monkey isn't quite typical . . . your father isn't too careful the way he speaks to me sometimes."

"I think that's mean," Ellen said, pouting. "You know daddy works hard."

The clerk regarded the Spirit with glazed eyes. "Sorry, mister," he rasped hoarsely, "these monkeys ain't for sale . . . counter display."

The Spirit shrugged his shoulders. "It was just an idea," he muttered, "but maybe the Commissioner wouldn't appreciate my humor."

The pale clerk stared hard after the departing pair, then glanced down as Ebony slouched past the counter. His thin arm shot out and he grabbed the Spirit's small friend by the collar.

"What are you snooping around here for, kid?" he asked nastily.

"You better not mess with me," Ebony shouted, flailing his arms as he tried to pull free. "Mist' Spirit Boss'll come back here and take you apart if you don't let me go." In the struggle Ebony's hand accidentally pushed a tray of jewelry and sent it skidding along the counter top.

Abruptly the storekeeper dropped the boy,

saying worriedly, "Hmmm . . . the Spirit . . . I thought I recognized him." Then, as his glazed eyes sought the small paperweight, his face turned a muddy grey. Ignoring Ebony, he raced to the rear of the store.

"Max," he shouted, "come quick. The Spirit's walked off with the stuff!"

Mystified, Ebony scurried out of the store to overtake the Spirit and Ellen. He still had half a block to go when two men brushed by him. "They sho' are in a hurry," the boy thought.

The two men came up behind the Spirit and Ellen. One whipped out a blackjack and dealt the Spirit a vicious blow behind the ear. Clamping heavy hands over Ellen's mouth, the other man forced her into a car which drew up to the curb.

"Holy ham hocks," Ebony shouted, breaking into a run. "They done got Miss Ellen and Mist' Spirit Boss."

The man who had struck the Spirit leaned over and searched him quickly. Shaking his head, he climbed into the car behind his companion.

As Ebony panted up, the car roared away. The boy leaned over the prostrate crime-buster, who stirred feebly. "What happened, Ebony?" the Spirit moaned.

When Ebony told him that Ellen had been kidnapped, the Spirit stood up shakily, saying, "We'd better notify Dolan right away!"

When the Spirit entered the Commissioner's house a few minutes later, Dolan was frantic. "Look at this!" he shouted, waving a penciled note. "This was just slipped under my door."

"Let's see it," the Spirit said, taking the note.

Scrawled on the paper were the words: "You give us back the monkeys and we turn your charming daughter loose."

"Monkeys!" the Spirit said. "The only monkeys I've seen lately were in a little curio shop. . . I think," he added thoughtfully, "we will pay that pasty faced clerk a visit."

Ebony followed the Spirit into the curio shop. "Looks like nobody's home," he said.

"You're wrong," the Spirit said, kneeling quickly behind the counter. The shopkeeper lay crumpled on the floor.

As the Spirit put a supporting arm under his shoulder blade, the man groaned and his

The Spirit

eyelids fluttered open for a moment. "Pretty red flowers," he gasped, then went limp.

"He's dead," the Spirit said. Removing his arm from under the prostrate form, his hand struck a hard object lying beneath the show-case. He reached for it, then stood up in the light.

"It's our three friends, Ebony," he said. "Now to see what makes them so valuable." Holding the carved figures in the palm of one hand, he twisted each of the monkeys. The first two remained firm, but the figure on the left turned smoothly.

After unscrewing it, the Spirit separated the little monkey from its companions, saying, "It's hollow, Ebony, and inside is the answer." He dug out a bit of dark-brown gum from the interior and examined it.

"You wait here and phone the police, Ebony," he said, pausing in the doorway. "I have a visit to make."

Half an hour later he walked under a sign reading: "M. Jenkins, Florist," and into the shop itself.

"Something for you, sir?" said a smooth voice from the rear of the store.

"A friend of mine," the Spirit said in a confidential tone, "told me you have some fine oriental poppies. Might I see some?"

"It's late," the little man said, his smile vanishing, "but if you insist, I will have one of my gardeners show you to the hothouse. Max!" he called.

A moment later a heavy-set man in overalls stood in the rear doorway and eyed the Spirit sullenly. "This gentleman is interested in poppies, Max," the florist said softly.

The gardener led the Spirit into the darkness toward a large greenhouse in the rear yard. They were halfway there when the gardener lunged at him, a knife gleaming in his hand. "This is as far as you go," he snarled.

"Sorry to disappoint you," the Spirit said, grabbing Max's wrist and dropping him with a sharp blow to the jaw.

Leaving the unconscious man, the Spirit covered the distance to the greenhouse in long strides. Entering, he switched on a light.

In a far corner, huddled on the ground, lay Ellen, her eyes fearful. "Ellen," the Spirit yelled racing to her side and loosening her bonds, "you're not hurt!"

"Thanks to you, Spirit," the girl whispered nervously. "Even if you gave them the paperweight they were going to kill me. What's it all about?"

The Spirit helped her to her feet, and, searching the contents of the greenhouse, finally pointed to several trays of brilliant red flowers on a corner shelf. "These are opium poppies that Jenkins and his gardener grew and converted into raw opium. He hid it in hollow paperweights like the one with the monkey figures and distributed the stuff to his customers through the curio shop.

"After we left the shop Ebony accidentally knocked the dope-filled paperweight onto the floor. The shopkeeper, when Ebony mentioned my name, thought I was onto their game and had picked up the paperweight for evidence. He kidnapped you to force me to return it. At least," the Spirit went on, "that's the way I size it up.

"My final deduction is that Jenkins killed the curio dealer so he wouldn't talk and implicate him . . . but the dealer's last words gave me an idea to start checking florists. 'Luckily,' he concluded, 'Jenkins' shop was the first one on my list . . . and now, if he's still in the shop, I'll settle his hash once and for all.'

Ellen following him, the Spirit walked back into the shop. When Jenkins, at that moment arranging the floral pattern on a funeral wreath, saw him, he wheeled around and made a break for the front door.

"I don't want to interrupt your work on that funeral wreath, Jenkins," the Spirit yelled, grabbing him by the collar. "It'll come in handy—for your own funeral."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 14, 1918, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 2, 1901, AND JULY 1, 1916 (39 U.S.C. 1301)

OF THE SPIRIT, published quarterly at Buffalo, N. Y. for October 1, 1948.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Print, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, William B. Koser, 27 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Norel Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Print, Old Greenwich, Conn.

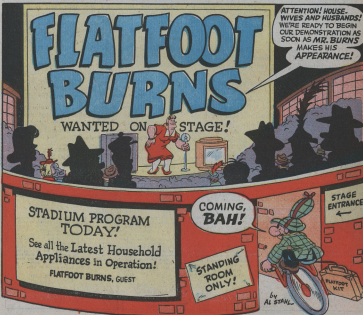
2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership, or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Print, Old Greenwich, Conn.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

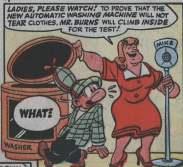
4. The two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owner, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain and state the list of stockholders and security holders. If any appear upon the books of the company but are in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation by whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affirmatively and negatively and held as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bondholder, mortgagee, or other security holder, or in any other capacity, as the said stock, bonds, or other securities have so stated by him.

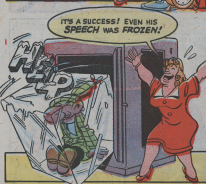
EVERETT M. ARNOLD
Publisher.

Signed in and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1948.
LOUIS J. KUBARKY, Notary Public (Commission expires April 1, 1949)



The Spirit





The Spirit



THE SPIRIT

Shadows in the night...
unseen but swift in striking
and leaving no trace...
in the case of the
**Will o' Wisp
Murders!**



Ellen Dolan, daughter of the Police Commissioner, is asking a difficult favor....

DOLAN SAYS HE'S SICK
OF MY BUTTING INTO
POLICE BUSINESS!

BUT MR. VAN VLEET HAS
WARNED THE POLICE TO
STAY OUT OF THIS CASE--
SAYS HIS LIFE DEPENDS ON
NO INTERFERENCE! YOU
MUST HELP, SPIRIT--
YOU MUST!



At the home of wealthy KURT VAN VLEET,
on a rock above the river...

THIS IS A FINAL WARNING -- DELIVERED AS IF BY
MAGIC! IT SAYS-- "PREPARE TO PAY A
MILLION DOLLARS BY MIDNIGHT! IF NOT,
YOUR SECRETARY MAURICE WILL DIE ON
THE STROKE OF TWELVE!..."

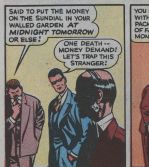
BE CALM,
MAURICE!
READ ON!



The Spirit

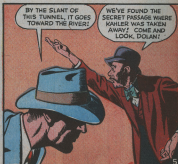
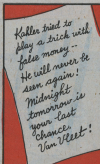


The Spirit





The Spirit



The Spirit

But the tunnel and river
yield no clues -- and next day...

SPIRIT!

THEY THREW
A ROCK -- JUST
MISSED ME
-- NOBODY IN
SIGHT NOW!

HERE'S
A NOTE
ATTACHED!

By now, Van Vleet,
you know what it
will mean to
ignore this! Row
out from the foot
of your bluff --
alone -- with one
million in cash --
tonight at
midnight!
We do not
think you will
try any more
tricks!

LET ME GO IN
THE BOAT, MR.
VAN VLEET!
I'LL TRAP
THEM ---

I DON'T DARE!
THEY'LL KILL ME LIKE
MAURICE AND KAHLER!
I MUST PAY THE MILLION
DOLLARS -- AND BE
GLAD I'M LEFT
ALIVE!

And once more it is midnight...

YOU, MR. VAN VLEET?
HAVE YOU THE
MONEY?

YES! COME CLOSE
AND I'LL GIVE
IT TO YOU!

HERE -- EXAMINE
IT TO SEE THAT
I BROUGHT
WHAT YOU
ASKED!

DON'T PAY
THEM A CENT,
MR. VAN
VLEET!

The Spirit



HE DIDN'T BRING ME! I SWAM OUT HERE MYSELF!



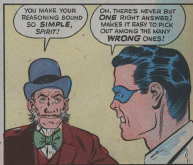
THEY'RE MAURICE AND KAHLER! BUT I SAW MAURICE -- DEAD---



OKAY! ... WE FAKED OUR DEATHS TO SCARE A MILLION BUCKS OUT OF THE BOGS! WE WERE GOING TO DUCK SOMEWHERE ELSE AND LIVE SOFT!



IT LOOKED LIKE AN INSIDE JOB--AND THAT CORPSE WASN'T VERY CONVINCING--SO I JUDGED---



OH, THERE'S NEVER BUT ONE RIGHT ANSWER! MAKES IT EASY TO PICK OUT AMONG THE MANY WRONG ONES!

YOU PRACTICE Radio soldering, mounting, connecting with soldering equipment and Radio parts I send you.



YOU BUILD this Tester that soon helps you EARN EXTRA MONEY fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.



YOU BUILD special Radio Circuits like this with parts I send. Learn how to locate and repair defective circuits.



YOU BUILD Vacuum Tube Power Pack, get experience correcting Power Pack troubles of many kinds.



YOU PRACTICE with this A. M. Signal Generator. Provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests.

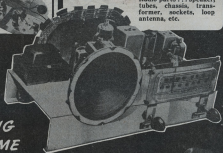


YOU BUILD this Super-heterodyne Receiver Circuit, conduct FM (Frequency Modulation) experiments and other tests.



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